

# STRANGER THINGS

**#201**

**MADMAX**

**As the town prepares for Halloween, a high-scoring rival shakes things up in the arcade, and a sceptical Hopper inspects a field of rotting pumpkins.**

**EXT. PITTSBURGH ROAD – NIGHT**

The camera follows a car as it drives past, before finding a van parked on the side of the road. A masked figure sits in the driver's seat, looking around. They look at the building they're parked beside when an alarm starts ringing. The camera moves over the van and towards the entrance to the building, where four masked figures are running out of the building and towards the van.

AXEL: Go! Go! Go! Go! Go! Move it!

DOTTIE: Let's get out of here!

The four figures climb into the back of the van and close the door. As the van pulls away from the building and starts to drive off, a police car approaches with sirens. The van does a 180 turn away from the building and drives away, causing the police car to do the same.

**INT. POLICE CAR**

POLICE OFFICER 1: Heading down Poplar, towards Main.

**EXT. PITTSBURGH ROAD – NIGHT**

The van takes a corner. The police car's tires squeal as they take the corner, keeping in hot pursuit.

**INT. KALI'S GANG'S VAN**

The figures take their masks off, revealing Axel, Funshine, and Dottie in the back, with Mick as the driver and Kali in the passenger seat.

**EXT. PITTSBURGH ROAD – NIGHT**

The van dodges cars as it speeds along, the police car still in hot pursuit.

**INT. KALI'S GANG'S VAN**

Axel looks out the back window before looking at Mick.

AXEL: Get 'em off of us, Mick!

MICK: I'm working on it!

Mick steps on the gas, flooring it.

KALI: The alley. To your right.

MICK: Okay.

**EXT. PITTSBURGH ROAD – NIGHT**

The van's tires squeal as it takes a corner, driving the wrong way down a one-way street, earning honks from other cars. The police car is cut off by another car and comes to a stop.

**INT. POLICE CAR**

POLICE OFFICER 2: Shit!

**INT. KALI'S GANG'S VAN**

Mick does her best to avoid the cars coming towards them.

MICK: Shit! Shit! Shit!

Mick dodges a car and the side of the van crashes through a pile of boxes.

MICK (CONT'D): Shit!

In the back of the van, Dottie laughs in delight. Mick continues to avoid the cars coming towards them.

**EXT. PITTSBURGH ROAD – NIGHT**

The van comes around a corner, noticeably slower than it had been before.

**INT. KALI'S GANG'S VAN**

Mick takes a deep breath.

MICK (CONT'D): Okay. Okay.

The group lets out small sighs of relief. The faint sounds of sirens cause Axel to look through the back window. Three police cars turn the corner and start racing towards them.

AXEL: Son of a bitch! We got more!

MICK: Oh, shit!

Mick steps on the gas.

**INT. POLICE CAR**

POLICE OFFICER 3: They're headed down 7<sup>th</sup>.

**EXT. PITTSBURGH ROAD – NIGHT**

The van turns a corner, followed by the police cars.

**INT. KALI'S GANG'S VAN**

AXEL: Do something, Kali. Do something!

KALI: Next right. There's a tunnel. Take it.

Mick nods.

**EXT. PITTSBURGH ROAD – NIGHT**

The van's tires screech as it turns a corner and heads towards the tunnel. One police car is close behind.

**INT. POLICE CAR**

ADAMS: We got these bastards now!

**EXT. PITTSBURGH ROAD – NIGHT**

The van speeds through the tunnel.

**INT. KALI'S GANG'S VAN**

Kali closes her eyes. She holds her hand up, slowly closing it into a fist.

KALI: Boom.

**EXT. PITTSBURGH ROAD – NIGHT**

The entrance to the tunnel suddenly caves in. Adams quickly swerves to avoid it.

ADAMS: Holy shit!

The police car comes to a stop in front of the tunnel. Another police car crashes into its side, and another hits its nose.

ADAMS (CONT'D): Shit! Whoa! Whoa! Whoa!

The sirens of the police cars die down.

POLICE OFFICER 3: What the hell is wrong with you, Adams? The hell are you doing?

**INT. POLICE CAR**

Adams' vision is blurred, and he looks confused.

POLICE OFFICER 3 (CONT'D): (distorted) Adams! Come on. What the hell? Why'd you stop? Adams! Adams!

Adams pants as he starts to get out of the car, disoriented.

POLICE OFFICER 3 (CONT'D): (distorted) Adams, I'm talkin' to you!

**EXT. PITTSBURGH ROAD – NIGHT**

Adams opens the door and puts his hands on the ground for balance before slowly standing up. Police Officer 3 starts to get out of the car.

POLICE OFFICER 3 (CONT'D): Adams! Adams!

Adams looks at the entrance of the tunnel. A confused look crosses his face. It's completely intact.

**EXT. PITTSBURGH ROAD – NIGHT**

The van drives out of the other end of the tunnel.

**INT. KALI'S GANG'S VAN**

Dottie starts cheering. Axel laughs. Funshine breaths a sigh of relief. Kali's nose starts bleeding. As she lifts her hand to wipe it away, we see a black mark on her wrist. 008.

Cut to black.

**MAIN TITLES.**

**CHAPTER ONE: MADMAX.**

**EXT. HENDERSON HOUSE – FRONT YARD – NIGHT**

Glowing plastic tombstones are set up in the front yard outside.

DUSTIN (O.S.): Son of a bitch!

**INT. HENDERSON HOUSE – SITTING ROOM – NIGHT**

Dustin looks under some couch cushions.

DUSTIN (CONT'D): Son of a bitch!

**INT. HENDERSON HOUSE – LOUNGE ROOM – NIGHT**

Dustin runs into the lounge room and starts rifling under the couch cushions. Claudia sits on one of the couches watching TV, holding a cat in her arms.

REPORTER (ON TV): A police chase rocked downtown Pittsburgh earlier this evening-

DUSTIN: Another stupid penny.

Dustin tosses a penny to the right of Claudia. It hits the floor with a clink.

CLAUDIA: Dusty, watch it. You almost hit Mews.

Dustin looks at Claudia.

DUSTIN: Can I please check under your cushions?

CLAUDIA: Dusty.

DUSTIN: Mum, please? It's an emergency.

Claudia lets out a moan, which Dustin matches. Claudia reluctantly stands up, taking Mews with her. Dustin checks under her the couch cushions.

CLAUDIA: (softly)(to Mews) Who's your buddy? Who's your buddy?

Dustin finds two quarters in the cushions, holding them up and grinning. He stands up and starts to run back to his room.

DUSTIN: Love you, Mum.

**INT. HENDERSON HOUSE – DUSTIN'S ROOM – NIGHT**

Dustin sits down on the floor beside his bed, holding his Supercomm.

DUSTIN (CONT'D): Lucas, you copy? I've got four quarters. What's your haul?

**INT. SINCLAIR HOUSE – LUCAS' BEDROOM – NIGHT**

LUCAS: Take your puny haul and multiply it by five.

**INT. HENDERSON HOUSE – DUSTIN'S ROOM – NIGHT**

DUSTIN: How?

LUCAS (ON SUPERCOMM): While you were scrounging around like a homeless bum-

**INT. SINCLAIR HOUSE – LUCAS' BEDROOM – NIGHT**

LUCAS (CONT'D): I mowed Old Man Humphrey's lawn.

**INT. HENDERSON HOUSE – DUSTIN'S ROOM – NIGHT**

DUSTIN: Old Man Humphrey's got that kinda cash?

**INT. SINCLAIR HOUSE – LUCAS' BEDROOM – NIGHT**

LUCAS: Just call Mike already.

**INT. HENDERSON HOUSE – DUSTIN’S ROOM – NIGHT**

DUSTIN: You call Mike.

LUCAS (ON SUPERCOMM): I have to take a shower from doing real work-

**INT. SINCLAIR HOUSE – LUCAS’ BEDROOM – NIGHT**

LUCAS (CONT’D): Like a man. Over and out.

**EXT. WHEELER HOUSE – FRONT YARD – NIGHT**

DUSTIN (ON SUPERCOMM): Mike, do you copy? Mike, do you copy?

**INT. WHEELER HOUSE – BASEMENT – NIGHT**

Mike sits in the pillow fort that used to house Eleven.

MIKE: Yeah. Yeah, I copy.

**INT. HENDERSON HOUSE – DUSTIN’S ROOM – NIGHT**

DUSTIN: What the hell are you doing on this channel?

**INT. WHEELER HOUSE – BASEMENT – NIGHT**

MIKE: Nothing.

DUSTIN (ON SUPERCOMM): Lucas and I have six bucks total. What’s your haul?

MIKE: Shit! I don’t know yet.

**INT. HENDERSON HOUSE – DUSTIN’S ROOM – NIGHT**

DUSTIN: What do you mean you don’t know yet?

**INT. WHEELER HOUSE – BASEMENT – NIGHT**

MIKE: Hold on. Call Will.

Mike unextends the antenna on the Supercomm.

**INT. WHEELER HOUSE – NANCY’S ROOM – NIGHT**

Mike rifles through her drawers. He finds what he’s looking for – her piggy bank – and walks over to her bed, taking the stopper out of the bottom and shaking the coins out. Nancy pushes the door open all the way, standing in the doorway and looking at Mike.

NANCY: What the hell are you doing?

Mike turns and sees Nancy standing in the doorway.

MIKE: I’ll pay you back!

Mike quickly grabs as many of the dumped-out coins as he can, stuffing them in his pockets as he runs past Nancy and out of the room.

MIKE (CONT’D): Bye!

NANCY: Mike!

**INT. WHEELER HOUSE – FOYER – NIGHT**

Mike rushes down the stairs, followed closely by Nancy.

NANCY (CONT'D): Mike! Get back here!

**INT. WHEELER HOUSE – KITCHEN – NIGHT**

Mike runs through the kitchen, where Karen, Ted, and Holly are standing around the kitchen island. Nancy chases after Mike.

TED: Hey. No running in the house.

KAREN: What is going on?

**EXT. WHEELER HOUSE – FRONT YARD – NIGHT**

Mike runs out of the garage and towards the street, wheeling his bike. Nancy chases him up the driveway.

NANCY: Mike! Mike!

Mike hops on his bike and bikes away. Nancy stops at the edge of the driveway, watching him bike away in anger and disbelief.

NANCY (CONT'D): Asshole!

**EXT. PALACE ARCADE – NIGHT**

Lucas, Mike, and Dustin bike up to the building, parking their bikes in the bike rack outside. A horn sounds, and they turn their heads to see Joyce and Will pulling up. They wave.

LUCAS: Hey!

**INT. JOYCE'S CAR**

Joyce looks at Will.

JOYCE: Okay. So, I'll pick you up in two hours. That's 9:00 on the dot, okay?

WILL: Okay.

JOYCE: If anything happens, if you need to come home, just ask them to use their phone and call home. Okay? Don't-

WILL: Don't walk or bike home. I know. I know.

Will starts to get out of the car. Joyce stops him.

JOYCE: Okay, but, sweetie-

WILL: Mum, I have to go.

JOYCE: Have fun.

Will gets out of the car, giving Joyce a smile as he closes the door and heads into the arcade. Joyce watches him go, looking concerned.

**INT. PALACE ARCADE – NIGHT**

Dustin plays Dragon's Lair, the other boys crowded around watching him.

PRINCESS DAPHNE (ON ARCADE GAME): To slay the dragon, use the magic sword.

DUSTIN: Oh, Jesus! I'm in uncharted territory here, guys.

LUCAS: Down! Down! Down!

DUSTIN: I'm going! I'm going!

As Dustin plays the game, the boys all shout instructions at him, their voices overlapping. On the screen, Singe breathes fire as Dirk the Daring runs away from him. Dirk the Daring has a free run to the magic sword. The boys' faces light up in excitement.

DUSTIN (CONT'D): I'm going! I'm going! I'm going!

On the screen, Singe approaches Dirk the Daring. The boys' voices overlap as they shout at Dustin, their voices indistinguishable.

DUSTIN (CONT'D): Okay. Shut up. Shut up. Shut up!

Dustin presses a button over and over again. On the screen, Dirk the Daring is enveloped in fire before he can attack Singe. He faces towards the player with his arms crossed as he turns into a skeleton.

DUSTIN (CONT'D): No. No. No!

On the screen, Dirk the Daring's skeleton clatters to the floor.

DUSTIN (CONT'D): No! No! No! I hate this overpriced bullshit!

Dustin hits the arcade game. The screen displays the game's title.

DUSTIN (CONT'D): Son of a bitch! Piece of shit!

LUCAS: You're not nimble enough. But you'll get there one day. But until then, Princess Daphne is still mine.

DUSTIN: Whatever. I'm still tops on Centipede and Dig Dug.

KEITH: You sure about that?

The boys turn to see Keith standing a short distance away, holding a bag of cheese puffs.

DUSTIN: Sure about what?

Keith doesn't say anything, instead eating a cheese puff in response. Dustin starts to push past Will.

DUSTIN (CONT'D): You're kidding me. No, no, no.

Dustin runs through the arcade to get to the Dig Dug game, the other boys following him.

DUSTIN (CONT'D): Move! Move! No, no, no, no, no.

They come across the Dig Dug game. The screen displays the best five scores. DUSTIN sits at 2<sup>nd</sup>. MADMAX sits at 1<sup>st</sup>.



DUSTIN (CONT'D): Hey, no! No! No!

WILL: 751,300 points!

MIKE: That's impossible.

Dustin turns to look at Keith, who is now standing next to the group. The other boys look at him too.

DUSTIN: Who is Mad Max?

KEITH: Better than you.

Dustin flips Keith the bird.

WILL: Is it you?

Keith scoffs.

KEITH: You know I despise Dig Dug.

LUCAS: Then who is it?

DUSTIN: Yeah, spill it, Keith.

KEITH: You want information, then I need something in return.

Keith gives a smug look, raising his eyebrows. The boys look at Mike. When he realises what Keith means, he shakes his head.

MIKE: No, no, no. No way. You're not getting a date with her.

LUCAS: Mike, come on. Just get him the date.

MIKE: I'm not prostituting my sister!

LUCAS: But it's for a good cause.

DUSTIN: No, don't get him the date. You know what? He's gonna spread his nasty-ass rash to your whole family.

KEITH: Acne isn't a rash and it isn't contagious, you prepubescent wastoid.

Will turns around to face the door, unnoticed by the others.

DUSTIN: Oh, I'm a wastoid? She wouldn't go on a date with you. You make like, what? \$2.50 an hour?

As Dustin, Lucas, and Mike continue to bicker with Keith, Will slowly walks towards the arcade's entrance, staring outside. Thunder rumbles. Particles drift in the wind.

WILL: Hey. Hey, guys, do you see the-

Will turns around and sees that the arcade is completely empty. As he steps forward to look around, the world flickers and looks like the Upside Down.

**INT. PALACE ARCADE – LOOKS LIKE THE UPSIDE DOWN**

The screens on some of the arcade games flicker on and off, making static noises. A crash sound makes Will jump and turn around, the door swinging open violently and hitting the wall. Will slowly starts to make his way outside.

**EXT. PALACE ARCADE – LOOKS LIKE THE UPSIDE DOWN**

Will makes his way out of the arcade, looking around. The PALACE sign on the roof flickers on and off, making static noises. Will catches sight of a large thundercloud in the sky, looking at it terrified. The cloud flashes red with lightning. A screeching sound can be heard.

MIKE (O.S.): Will!

**EXT. PALACE ARCADE – NIGHT**

Will turns around with a gasp, back to reality. He sees Mike exiting the arcade, looking at him with a worried expression.

MIKE (CONT'D): Are you okay?

Will turns to look at the sky. The thundercloud is gone, replaced with the plain black sky.

WILL: Yeah. I just...I needed some air.

Mike walks over and puts his arm around Will.

MIKE: Come on. You're up on Dig Dug.

Mike starts to lead Will inside.

MIKE (CONT'D): Let's take that top score back, huh?

**EXT. HAWKINS POLICE STATION – DAY**

Hopper pulls up and gets out of his truck. Murray stands on the curb.

MURRAY: Good morning, Jim.

Hopper glances at Murray but says nothing, walking past him to head into the station. Murray follows him.

MURRAY (CONT'D): Jim. Hold on a second. We need to talk.

HOPPER: Get away from me.

**INT. HAWKINS POLICE STATION – FOYER – DAY**

Hopper walks into the station. Murray follows.

MURRAY: Okay, no.

HOPPER: Get away from me.

MURRAY: I think you really wanna hear this.

HOPPER: Get away from me.

MURRAY: Trust me. I only want five minutes!

**INT. HAWKINS POLICE STATION – JOINT OFFICE AREA – DAY**

Hopper walks in. Murray follows.

HOPPER: Yeah, I want a date with Bo Derek. We all want things.

Florence walks up to Hopper and takes his cigarette out of his mouth. He takes his jacket off.

MURRAY: This isn't a laughing matter, Jim.

Hopper groans and tosses his jacket onto the coat rack next to Murray.

MURRAY (CONT'D): This is serious, okay?

Hopper walks away, past Powell and Callahan's desks. Murray follows.

MURRAY (CONT'D): I really got something here. I'm telling you!

POWELL: Hey, morning, Chief.

HOPPER: Morning.

POWELL: Morning, Murray.

CALLAHAN: Got any proof on your butt-probin' aliens yet, Murray?

Powell laughs. Florence pushes past Murray to get to Hopper. She replaces the donut he just bit into with a green apple.

MURRAY: I now believe there was, and may very well still be, a Russian spy presence in Hawkins.

HOPPER: Russian spies!

CALLAHAN: I'm sorry, Murray, are the Russian spies in cahoots with the aliens? Or how do they fit in here? Cause I'm confused.

MURRAY: I'm talking multiple reports now. Multiple reports, okay? Of a Russian child in Hawkins.

HOPPER: A child? What are you talking about, a child?

MURRAY: A girl who may have psionic abilities.

POWELL: "Psionic"?

MURRAY: Psychic.

CALLAHAN: Hey Chief, what about that girl that made that kid pee himself?

HOPPER: That was a prank.

MURRAY: What girl?

CALLAHAN: Wasn't a prank.

Hopper mocks Callahan. He turns to Murray.

HOPPER: You got five minutes. Not a second more.

**INT. HAWKINS POLICE STATION – HOPPER'S OFFICE – DAY**

Hopper sits behind his desk and puts his feet up, holding the apple Florence gave him. Murray sits in the chair on the other side of the desk.

MURRAY: I talked to a Big Buy ex-employee who said some little girl shattered the door with her mind.

HOPPER: I heard that story. Did you hear the one about the fat man with the beard who climbs down chimneys?

Hopper takes a bite of the apple.

MURRAY: Then last month, a co-worker of Ted Wheeler's claims some Russian girl with a shaved head was hiding in his basement. Ted now denies this.

Hopper looks at the apple funny, taking the piece out of his mouth and throwing it and the apple into the bin beside him.

HOPPER: Oh, wow. That's a surprise.

MURRAY: But it connects.

HOPPER: Enlighten me.

MURRAY: This girl, she's some kind of a...of a Russian weapon, right? Barbara, she sees this girl, tries to help her, perhaps. But before she can, the Russians find them, take them-

HOPPER: Wait, wait, wait. Wait. You're telling me that Barbara Holland was kidnapped by Russian spies.

MURRAY: Kidnapped. Killed.

HOPPER: Killed?

MURRAY: Don't you get it, Jim?

HOPPER: No.

MURRAY: This has potentially international implications. I'm talking a full-on Russian invasion right here in Hawkins.

Hopper starts turning one of the knobs on the side of the typewriter on his desk, making a whirring sound, the paper sticking out of the machine moving up and down slightly. He turns the knob faster.

HOPPER: Do you have any proof of this girl? I mean, has anybody seen her, like, recently?

MURRAY: No, but these are separate-

The phone rings. Hopper moves to answer.

HOPPER: Excuse me. Sorry.

Hopper picks up the phone.

MURRAY: Okay.

HOPPER: Hello?

FLORENCE (ON PHONE): Merrill called. He wants you to check out his pumpkins. Says they've been contaminated...

MURRAY: All right.

FLORENCE (ON PHONE): ...by his vengeful neighbour, Eugene. You're welcome.

Hopper sets the phone down.

HOPPER: I'm sorry. I really hate to do this, but I gotta run. It's an emergency.

Hopper stands up and moves around his desk. Murray stands up.

MURRAY: You gave me five minutes.

Hopper puts his hat on. He faces Murray.

HOPPER: Yeah, listen, you know what? I like your alien theory a lot better. And you want my advice? Why don't you stop bleeding those people dry and go home? All right?

MURRAY: I am not bleeding anyone...dry.

HOPPER: Listen to me. Go home.

Hopper walks out of his office, leaving Murray alone.

**EXT. HAWKINS SCHOOL – CAR PARK – DAY**

Steve and Nancy sit in the front seats of Steve's car. Nancy flicks through a small pile of pages.

**INT. STEVE'S CAR**

STEVE: It's crap, I know.

NANCY: No, it's not crap.

STEVE: It's not good.

NANCY: It's going to be. It just...it needs some reorganising.

Steve sighs.

NANCY (CONT'D): Can I mark on it?

STEVE: Yeah. Yeah, I guess.

Nancy holds the pages in a way that lets Steve see what she's doing.

NANCY: So, in the first paragraph, you used the, um, the basketball game versus Northern as a metaphor for your life, which is great. But then, around here, you started talking about your granddad's experiences in the war. And I...I don't see how they're connected.

STEVE: It connects because...because, you know, we both won.

Nancy looks unimpressed.

STEVE (CONT'D): Do you think I should start from scratch?

NANCY: No. I mean...

Nancy huffs softly.

NANCY (CONT'D): When's the deadline?

STEVE: It's tomorrow for early application. Can you come and help me tonight?

NANCY: No. We have our dinner tonight, remember?

Steve groans.

STEVE: Oh, my God!

NANCY: We already cancelled last week.

Steve groans.

NANCY (CONT'D): You don't have to go. Just, uh, just work on this.

STEVE: No, no, no. What's the point?

Steve grabs the pages out of Nancy's hands and crumples them up.

NANCY: Hey, calm down.

STEVE: No, I'm calm. I'm calm. I'm just being honest, you know. I mean...I'm just gonna end up working for my dad anyway.

NANCY: That's not true.

STEVE: I don't know, Nance. Is that such a bad thing? There's insurance benefits and all that adult stuff. And if I took it, you know, I could...I could be around for your senior year.

NANCY: Steve...

STEVE: Just to look after you a little bit. Make sure you don't forget about this pretty face.

Nancy chuckles.

STEVE (CONT'D): Nance, I'm serious.

The pair share a kiss. Steve smiles.

Steve (CONT'D): I love you.

NANCY: I love you, too.

The sound of a car engine revving makes the pair look towards the entrance to the parking lot. They get out of the car as tires screech, watching a blue Chevrolet Cameo pull into the parking lot. It parks in the spot opposite Steve's car. The driver's side door opens, and Billy gets out, a cigarette in his mouth. The passenger side door opens, and Max gets out, holding her skateboard. She sighs as she closes the door, dropping her skateboard on the ground and skating up the drive to Hawkins Middle. Billy watches her go before turning towards Hawkins High, throwing the cigarette to the side.

VICKI (O.S.): Who is that?

Vicki, Tina, and Carol lean against a car, eyeing Billy up.

TINA: I have no idea. But would you check out that ass?

Billy walks towards Hawkins High. His jeans accentuate his butt.

TINA (CONT'D)(O.S.): Just look at it go.

**INT. HAWKINS MIDDLE SCHOOL – HALLWAY – DAY**

Will opens his locker. He reaches up to grab some books and finds a piece of paper on the top shelf. He grabs it and looks at it. It's a newspaper clipping, with the headline reading 'THE BOY WHO CAME BACK TO LIFE'. The photo of Will has his eyes crossed out, and the words 'ZOMBIE BOY' are written on the clipping in green marker. Will looks down the hallway to see if anyone was watching, but there are only students going about their day. The bell rings. Will crumples up the clipping and tosses it into his locker, grabbing a book and closing the locker.

#### **INT. HAWKINS MIDDLE SCHOOL – CLASSROOM – DAY**

Mr. Clarke sets a model of a brain down in a stand. As Mr. Clarke speaks, the camera cuts to different students, all looking bored. Only Mike, Lucas, Dustin, and Will look interested in the class.

MR. CLARKE: Meet the human brain. I know. I know, it doesn't look like much. A little gross even, right? But consider this. There are a hundred billion cells inside of this miracle of evolution. All working as one. No, no, I did not misspeak. I did not stutter. A hundred billion.

The door opens and closes, the sound making the students look over. Max walks into the room, followed by the Hawkins Middle Principal.

MR. CLARKE (CONT'D): Ah, this must be our new student.

HAWKINS MIDDLE PRINCIPAL: Indeed it is. All yours.

Max starts to head towards the free seat at the back of the classroom. Mr. Clarke holds up his hand.

MR. CLARKE: All right. Hold up. You don't get away that easy.

Max sighs and walks back to stand next to Mr. Clarke.

MR. CLARKE (CONT'D): Come on up. Don't be shy. Dustin, drum roll.

Dustin closes his textbook and starts to drum his hands on it.

MR. CLARKE (CONT'D): Class, please welcome, all the way from sunny California, the latest passenger to join us on our curiosity voyage, Maxine.

Mr. Clarke holds a hand out, as if to present Max to the class. Dustin's drum roll stops.

MAX: It's Max.

MR. CLARKE: Sorry?

MAX: Nobody calls me Maxine. It's Max.

The boys look at each other with realisation.

LUCAS: (whispers) Mad Max.

MR. CLARKE: Well, all aboard, Max.

Max heads towards the free seat at the back of the class. The boys watch her, staring. Max sits in the free seat, crossing her arms.

#### **INT. MELVALD'S GENERAL STORE – DAY**

Joyce sits behind one of the counters, sewing a Ghostbusters patch onto a Ghostbusters uniform. The front door opens with a jingle of a bell. Joyce looks up to see Bob walk in. He picks up an orange pumpkin trick-or-treat basket from beside the door as he walks towards her.

BOB: Hey, there.

JOYCE: Hey.

BOB: Do you happen to have these in any other colours? I'm not a big fan of orange.

JOYCE: Hmm...I'll have to check in back.

**INT. MELVALD'S GENERAL STORE – BACK ROOM – DAY**

Joyce and Bob make out. Joyce reaches her hand out to grab a shelf and knocks two small boxes to the ground. Joyce breaks away from Bob.

JOYCE: Oh, shit!

Joyce bends down to pick the boxes up and put them back on the shelf.

JOYCE (CONT'D): You're gonna get me fired.

BOB: Well, that's my master plan. Get you fired so I can hire you and you won't have to hide back here.

The pair start to make out again.

JOYCE: Bob? Bob, I have to get back to work.

BOB: I know. I'm sorry. I just...I can't stop thinking about you. It's crazy. I feel like a teenager.

JOYCE: Me, too.

BOB: You know, in high school, you didn't know who I was.

JOYCE: Come on.

Joyce chuckles. Bob starts to kiss her again.

JOYCE (CONT'D): Bob, I have to get back to work.

BOB: Okay.

JOYCE: Go sell your electronic thingamajiggies, and I'll see you tonight for movie night.

BOB: Jonathan's night to pick?

JOYCE: Yes.

BOB: Okay.

The pair share a kiss before Bob starts to leave the back room. He rushes back for another kiss. Joyce laughs.

BOB: Okay. Okay.

JOYCE: Okay.



Bob starts to leave the back room. On the way out, he notices a green pumpkin trick-or-treat basket sitting on a shelf next to the door. He turns to face Joyce, pointing at it.

BOB: Hey, look, a green one.

Bob moves to leave. He turns as he starts to close door.

BOB (CONT'D): Tell Jonathan not anything scary. I hate scary movies.

Bob closes the door. Joyce smiles, embarrassed but happy.

**EXT. MERRILL FARM – PUMPKIN PATCH – DAY**

The pumpkins are all split open and rotting black, flies buzzing around. Hopper and Merrill walk through the patch.

HOPPER: You're saying this was all fine yesterday?

MERRILL: Fine? These were prize winners, Chief. You should've seen 'em. For the life of me, I couldn't figure out what happened. And then I remembered...Eugene.

HOPPER: What about him?

MERRILL: Well, he's been complaining about me to just about anyone who'll listen.

HOPPER: Why's that?

MERRILL: Well, he started this "Pick Your Pumpkin" thing. Acted like it was trademarked. I said, "Hire yourself a damn lawyer. See how far that gets you".

HOPPER: You're telling me that nice old Eugene came out here after dark and doused your field with poison?

MERRILL: Well, not Eugene himself. I'm thinking one of his field hands.

HOPPER: Uh-huh.

MERRILL: Listen, Chief, I don't go throwing around accusations lightly. You know me. But this happening the day before Halloween, when sales are peaking?

Hopper bends down and moves one of the rotting pumpkins slightly with the blade of his pocket knife.

MERRILL (CONT'D): That's a hell of a coincidence. Hell of a coincidence.

Hopper looks up before standing. He gestures towards a corn field.

HOPPER: You got somebody working on that field?

**EXT. MERRILL FARM – CORN FIELD – DAY**

Hopper sticks his head round a corner, suspicious. He takes his sunglasses off before drawing his gun, slowly heading in the direction of some rustling. The rustling gets louder as he walks through the corn field, paired with some weird animal noises. Hopper comes across a scarecrow. A crow comes up behind him with a screech, making Hopper yell. The crow flies over his head and lands on an arm of the scarecrow. Hopper points his gun at it in defence, panting. The crow caws at him.

HOPPER: Yeah, screw you, too.

**INT. HAWKINS HIGH SCHOOL – HALLWAY – DAY**

Tina hands out flyers to students that walk past for a Halloween party to take place the next night.

TINA: Hey. Be there.

Nancy and Jonathan walk through the doorway next to Tina. Tina hands Nancy a flyer.

TINA (CONT'D): Hey, Nancy.

NANCY: Hey! Thanks.

Nancy reads over the flyer as she and Jonathan keep walking. Nancy pauses and turns back to Tina.

NANCY (CONT'D): Oh, could I get one more?

TINA: Yeah, sure.

Tina hands Nancy another flyer. Nancy and Jonathan start walking again. Nancy hands the flyer to Jonathan, surprising him.

NANCY: You're coming to this.

Jonathan reads over the flyer.

JONATHAN: "Come and get sheet faced".

Jonathan sighs, giving Nancy a look as they turn a corner.

JONATHAN (CONT'D): No, I'm not.

NANCY: I can't let you sit all alone Halloween. That's just not acceptable.

JONATHAN: Well, you can relax. I'm not gonna be alone. I'm going trick-or-treating with Will.

NANCY: All night?

JONATHAN: Yeah.

NANCY: No, no way. You're gonna be home by 8:00, listening to the Talking Heads and reading Vonnegut or something.

Jonathan shrugs.

JONATHAN: Sounds like a nice night.

The pair stop outside Nancy's locker. She starts to unlock it.

NANCY: Jonathan, just come. I mean, who knows, you might even, like, meet someone.

Steve comes around the corner, picking Nancy up and pulling her away from her locker. She lets out a shriek of surprise. Steve laughs, putting her down. Nancy quickly turns around and faces him, slapping him on the arm. He pulls her close.

NANCY: Oh, my God! Take those stupid things off.

STEVE: I missed you.

Steve takes his sunglasses off, grinning.

NANCY: It's been like an hour.

STEVE: Tell me about it.

The pair start to kiss. After a few moments, Nancy pushes away.

NANCY: Okay. Okay, okay. God.

Nancy moves to her locker.

STEVE: Sorry.

Nancy looks down the hallway to see Jonathan walking away from them.

**EXT. HAWKINS MIDDLE SCHOOL – COURTYARD – DAY**

The boys watch Max skateboard around the courtyard from behind a fence near a ticket booth.

MIKE: There's no way that's Mad Max.

WILL: Yeah. Girls don't play video games.

MIKE: And even if they did, you can't get 750,000 points on Dig Dug. I mean, that's impossible.

LUCAS: But her name is Max.

MIKE: So what?

LUCAS: So, how many Maxes do you know?

MIKE: I don't know.

LUCAS: Zero. That's how many.

DUSTIN: Yeah, she shows up at school the day after someone with her same name breaks our top score. I mean, you kidding me?

LUCAS: Exactly. So she's gotta be Mad Max. She's gotta be.

DUSTIN: And plus she skateboards, so she's pretty awesome.

MIKE: Awesome? You haven't even spoken a word to her.

DUSTIN: Hey, I don't have to. I mean, look at her.

The boys look back to the courtyard to see Max is gone.

DUSTIN (CONT'D): Shit, I've lost the target.

Will spots Max heading back into the school.

WILL: Oh! There.

The boys move to watch Max. She drops a ball of paper into a bin beside the steps and starts to head inside. The boys share a look before running over to the bin. Dustin starts rifling through the bin for the ball of paper. Lucas, Will, and Mike stand by, trying their best to act natural. A group of girls walk past, giving them grossed out looks. The boys awkwardly wave.

DUSTIN: Got it. There we go.

Dustin stands up, holding the ball of paper. The other boys crowd around as he uncrumples the paper. It reads 'Stop spying on me CREEPS!'.

DUSTIN, LUCAS, WILL, and MIKE (IN UNISON): "Stop spying on me, creeps".

DUSTIN: Well, shit.

HAWKINS MIDDLE PRINCIPAL (O.S.): William Byers.

The boys turn around to see the Hawkins Middle principal standing behind them.

HAWKINS MIDDLE PRINCIPAL (CONT'D): Your mother's here.

Will sighs.

**INT. HAWKINS MIDDLE SCHOOL – HALLWAY – DAY**

Will walks down the hallway towards the entrance, followed by the Hawkins Middle principal. Students turn to look at him as he walks past.

**EXT. HAWKINS MIDDLE SCHOOL – DAY**

Will and the Hawkins Middle principal exit the building. Joyce leans against her car, which is parked on the curb, smoking. She smiles and waves when she sees Will. Will gives a small wave in return.

DUSTIN (O.S.): You guys think he's okay?

LUCAS (O.S.): He's always weird when he has to go in.

Mike, Lucas, and Dustin watch Will walk towards Joyce's car from afar, standing behind the corner of the building.

MIKE: I don't know. He's quiet today.

LUCAS: He's always quiet.

**INT. JOYCE'S CAR**

The Hawkins Middle principal closes the door after Will. Joyce hops into the driver's seat.

**EXT. HAWKINS MIDDLE SCHOOL – DAY**

Mike looks worried.

**INT. JOYCE'S CAR**

Joyce and Will drive down a long dirt road. Will looks out the window, not saying anything. Joyce looks over at him.

JOYCE: You feeling any better?

Will doesn't say anything.

JOYCE (CONT'D): Will?

WILL: Huh?

Will looks at Joyce.

WILL (CONT'D): Yeah. Yeah, sorry.

Will looks forward.

JOYCE: Hey. What did we talk about, huh? You've got to stop it with the sorries.

WILL: Sorry. I mean, yeah, I know.

JOYCE: And listen, you know, there's nothing to be nervous about, you know. Just tell 'em what you felt last night and what you saw. Hey, I'm gonna be there the whole time. So it's gonna be okay. Okay?

WILL: Okay.

Will turns to look out the window.

**EXT. HAWKINS LAB – NIGHT**

Joyce parks the car next to Hopper's truck. Hopper leans against the back of his truck, smoking. He tosses the cigarette to the ground as Joyce and Will get out of the car.

HOPPER: Hey, buddy.

WILL: Hey.

Joyce and Will start to head towards the entrance of Hawkins Lab.

JOYCE: Hey.

Hopper starts to follow them.

**INT. HAWKINS LAB – MEDICAL ROOM – DAY**

Will stands on a scale, getting weighed.

**INT. HAWKINS LAB – MEDICAL ROOM – DAY**

Will lays down on a medical chair. A nurse wraps a tourniquet around Will's upper right arm. The nurse then disinfects his inner elbow, before inserting a large syringe into the site.

**INT. HAWKINS LAB – MEDICAL ROOM – DAY**

The nurse pumps a blood pressure test machine that is wrapped around Will's upper left arm.

**INT. HAWKINS LAB – MEDICAL ROOM – DAY**

The nurse drawing dots on Will's face before attaching an EEG where the dots are. The machine is plugged in and starts reading Will's brainwaves.

**INT. HAWKINS LAB – MEDICAL ROOM – DAY**

Owens opens the door and walking inside. Joyce stands up briefly before sitting back down next to Will. Hopper stands a short distance behind them.

OWENS: Sir Will, how are you? Mum, Pop. Let's take a look, see what's going on here.

Owens sits down on the other side of Will, looking at Will's medical file.

OWENS (CONT'D): I see you shaved off a pound since we saw you last. Must be making room for all that Halloween candy. What's your favourite candy? Desert island candy, if you had to pick one?

WILL: I don't know.

OWENS: Come on. Life or death situation, what would you pick?

WILL: I guess...

Will looks over at Joyce.

JOYCE: (mouthing) Reese's Pieces.

WILL: Reese's Pieces.

OWENS: Good call. Good call. I'm more of a Mounds guy, but I gotta say, peanut butter and chocolate, come on, hard to beat that.

Owens tosses Will's medical file onto the counter behind him.

The camera starts to pull away from the room and becomes screen-like, revealing that the whole appointment is being watched.

#### **INT. HAWKINS LAB – SECURITY ROOM – DAY**

Other parts of Hawkins Lab are being monitored on other screens. Four agents watch and listen to the appointment.

OWENS (CONT'D)(ON SCREEN): All right, so tell me what's going on with you. Tell me about this episode you had.

WILL (ON SCREEN): Well, my friends were there and then they just weren't, and I was back there again.

#### **INT. HAWKINS LAB – MEDICAL ROOM – DAY**

OWENS: In the Upside Down?

Will nods. The EEG moves faster.

OWENS (CONT'D): All right, so what happened next?

WILL: I heard this noise, and...so I went outside, and it was worse.

OWENS: How was it worse?

WILL: There was this storm.

Flashback to #201. Outside the Palace Arcade, the world looking like the Upside Down. The storm cloud outside, red with lightning. Thunder rumbles.

The waves on the EEG grow larger. Owens glances at the machine.

OWENS: Okay. So how did you feel when you saw the storm?

WILL: I felt...frozen.

Flashback to #201. Outside the Palace Arcade, the world looking like the Upside Down. Will staring at the storm cloud in the Upside Down.

OWENS: Heart racing?

WILL: Just frozen.

OWENS: Frozen, cold frozen? Frozen to the touch?

WILL: No. Like how you feel when you're scared, and you can't breathe or talk or do anything. I felt...I felt this evil, like, like it was looking at me.

The waves on the EEG grow small and quick.

OWENS: It was evil? Well...

Owens clears his throat.

OWENS (CONT'D): What do you think the evil wanted?

WILL: To kill.

The waves on the EEG grow quicker.

OWENS: To kill you?

WILL: Not me. Everyone else.

**INT. HAWKINS LAB – HALLWAY – DAY**

Will sits in a chair, drawing something in his lap.

OWENS (O.S.): All right, I'm gonna be honest with you.

**INT. HAWKINS LAB – OWENS' OFFICE – DAY**

Owens sits behind his desk. Joyce and Hopper sit in the chairs on the other side of the desk. Joyce leans forward in her chair while Hopper leans back in his.

OWENS (CONT'D): It's probably gonna get worse before it gets better.

JOYCE: Worse? He's already had two episodes this month.

OWENS: He'll likely have more before the month is out. It's called the Anniversary Effect. And we've seen this with soldiers. The anniversary of an event brings back traumatic memories. Sort of opens up the neurological floodgates, so to speak.

HOPPER: So what does this mean for the kid? He's gonna have more episodes, nightmares?

OWENS: Yeah, that. Maybe some personality changes. He might get irritable. He might lash out.

JOYCE: What do we do when that happens?

OWENS: Okay. Well, from what we know about post-traumatic stress...and we're still learning, okay? Just treat him normally. Be patient with him. Don't pressure him to talk. Just let him lead the way.

JOYCE: I'm sorry, what you're saying is it's going to get worse and worse, and we're just supposed to pretend like it's not happening?

OWENS: It sounds counterintuitive, I know. But I assure you that it really is the best thing you can do for him.

Joyce looks saddened and slightly sceptical.

OWENS (CONT'D): Listen. I understand what you went through last year. I get it. But those people are gone. They're gone. okay? So if we're gonna get through this, I just...I need you to realise I'm on your side.

Joyce doesn't look at him.

OWENS (CONT'D): I need you to trust me.

Joyce looks at Hopper.

JOYCE (O.S.): "Trust me"?

**EXT. HAWKINS LAB – DAY**

Joyce and Hopper walk towards their vehicles. Will walks a good distance ahead of them.

JOYCE (CONT'D): Are you kidding me?

HOPPER: Yeah, I know. But, you know, university gives out a degree, this guy's got it. And look, that post-traumatic stuff he's talking about, that stuff is real. He's gonna be okay. All right? How's Bob the Brain?

JOYCE: Don't call him that.

HOPPER: Sorry. Old habit.

JOYCE: He's good. We're good.

The pair reach their vehicles. Joyce walks to her driver's side door.

HOPPER: Good. I'm happy for you. Really.

Joyce opens the door.

HOPPER (CONT'D): Hey...

Joyce pauses and looks back at Hopper.

HOPPER (CONT'D): Things get worse, you call me first. You call me.

JOYCE: Okay.

Joyce hops into the car. As she and Will pull away, Hopper walks to the other side of his truck and lights a cigarette. He looks up towards the entrance of Hawkins Lab and spots Owens watching him. Owens waves. Hopper stares at him. Hopper doesn't return the wave, instead getting into his car. Owens' assistant approaches him. He turns to look at her.

OWENS' ASSISTANT: They're ready for you, sir.

**INT. HAWKINS LAB – HALLWAY – DAY**

The elevator slowly opens. Owens and his assistant exit the elevator.

**INT. HAWKINS LAB – GATE OBSERVATION ROOM – DAY**

Owens and his assistant walk inside.

OWENS: Patty.



PATTY: Sam.

Owens walks to the other side of the room, where a pair of scientists are helping Teddy suit up into a hazmat-type suit.

TEDDY: Afternoon, sir.

OWENS: Looks like another hot one today, huh?

TEDDY: Never gets old, sir.

One of the scientists puts a helmet over Teddy's head.

**INT. HAWKINS LAB – GATE DECONTAMINATION CHAMBER – DAY**

Teddy steps inside, holding a flamethrower. The first set of doors close behind him. The chamber fills with smoke before the second set of doors open.

**INT. HAWKINS LAB – GATE ROOM – DAY**

Teddy steps into the Gate room and stands in front of the Gate. It pulses ominously, squelching. Teddy ignites the flamethrower, dousing the vines in flames. The vines screech and flail.

**EXT. PALACE ARCADE – DAY**

Lucas watches for Max through a pair of binoculars. Dustin stands next to him. They hide behind a parked car.

DUSTIN: Still no sign?

LUCAS: Jack shit.

Dustin checks his watch.

DUSTIN: Oh! Damn it. My mum's gonna murder me.

Lucas drops the binoculars and looks at him.

LUCAS: So go home. I'll radio if she comes.

DUSTIN: Oh, yeah, nice try. You just want me out of here so you can make your move.

LUCAS: Oh, cause you're such a threat.

DUSTIN: That's right. She will not be able to resist these pearls.

Dustin purrs. Lucas gives him a weird look. Dustin spots Billy's car approaching. He shakes Lucas' arm.

DUSTIN (CONT'D): Ten o'clock.

LUCAS: What?

DUSTIN: Ten o'clock.

Lucas uses the binoculars to watch Billy's car pull up outside the Palace Arcade. Max quickly gets out, turning to face Billy as she goes to close the door. Billy shouts something indistinctly at her. She shouts something indistinctly back.

LUCAS: They're arguing. They're arguing.

DUSTIN: Oh, my God. I see that. I don't even know why you need those. God. You're so stupid.

Billy starts to peel away from the arcade. Max quickly shuts the door, flipping him the bird before heading inside the arcade.

**INT. PALACE ARCADE – DAY**

Max plays Dig Dug, concentrating.

**EXT. PALACE ARCADE – DAY**

Lucas and Dustin watch Max play through the window.

LUCAS: She's incredible.

The pair sit down against the outside wall, next to the door.

DUSTIN: She's...

DUSTIN and LUCAS (IN UNISON): Mad Max.

**INT. WHEELER HOUSE – DINING ROOM – NIGHT**

Ted, Karen, Mike, and Holly sit around the table eating dinner.

KAREN: After dinner, I want you to pick out your toys for the yard sale.

MIKE: Fine.

KAREN: Two boxes worth.

MIKE: Two boxes?

KAREN: You heard me.

MIKE: I'm fine with you giving away a couple, but the other ones just have way too much emotional value.

KAREN: Emotional value?

TED: They're hunks of plastic, Michael.

MIKE: You already took away my Atari.

KAREN: If you didn't wanna lose more toys, you shouldn't have stolen from Nancy.

MIKE: I didn't steal. I borrowed.

KAREN: Oh, and you didn't curse out Mr. Kowalski last week either, right? Or plagiarise that essay? Or graffiti the bathroom stall?

MIKE: Everyone graffiti's the bathroom stall.

TED: So if your friend jumps off a cliff, you're gonna jump, too?

Mike rolls his eyes and huffs.

KAREN: Look, we know you've had a hard year, Michael. But we've been patient. This isn't strike one. This isn't even strike three.

TED: It's strike 20. You're on the bench, son. And if it'd been my coach, you'd be lucky to still be on the team.

Mike glares at Ted, who doesn't notice, instead focused on his food.

KAREN: Two boxes. Two.

Mike angrily stabs his fork into his food.

**EXT. HOLLAND HOUSE – NIGHT**

Nancy and Steve walk along the pathway to the front door. Nancy notices a 'FOR SALE' sign staked into the front yard.

STEVE (O.S.): Okay. Ready?

Nancy and Steve stand in front of the front door.

NANCY: Yeah.

Steve sighs.

STEVE: Okay.

Steve reaches out and presses the doorbell. It chimes.

**INT. HOLLAND HOUSE – LOUNGE ROOM – NIGHT**

Framed photos of Barb sit on the mantle, photos from all ages.

MARSHA (O.S.): I'm so sorry I didn't get to cook. I was gonna make that baked ziti you guys like so much...

**INT. HOLLAND HOUSE – DINING ROOM – NIGHT**

Marsha, Mr. Holland, Nancy, and Steve sit around the table, eating KFC.

MARSHA (CONT'D): But I just forgot about the time, and then before you know it, "Oh, my God, it's five o'clock".

NANCY: It's fine.

Steve nods.

STEVE: Right.

NANCY: It's great.

STEVE: I love KFC.

Marsha smiles.

NANCY: So, I noticed a "For Sale" sign out in your yard. Is that the neighbours', or...

Marsha and Mr. Holland look at each other.

MARSHA: You wanna tell them?

MR. HOLLAND: Go ahead.

Marsha looks at Nancy.

MARSHA: We hired a man named Murray Bauman. Have either of you heard of him?

Nancy and Steve shake their heads.

NANCY: Uh, no.

STEVE: No, I don't think so.

MARSHA: He was an investigative journalist for the Chicago Sun-Times.

MR. HOLLAND: He's pretty well known.

Mr. Holland hands Steve one of Murray's business cards. Steve takes the business card and reads over it. Steve hands the business card to Nancy.

MARSHA: Anyway, he's freelance now, and he agreed to take the case.

STEVE: Oh, that's...that's great. No, that's really...that's great, right?

NANCY: Um, what exactly does that mean?

MR. HOLLAND: Means he's gonna do what that lazy son of a bitch Jim Hop-

Marsha puts her hand on Mr. Holland's arm. He clears his throat.

MR. HOLLAND (CONT'D): Sorry.

Mr. Holland takes a deep breath.

MR. HOLLAND (CONT'D): What the Hawkins police haven't been capable of doing. Means we have a real detective on the case.

MARSHA: It means...we're going to find our Barb.

Nancy looks uncomfortable.

MR. HOLLAND: If anyone can find her, it's this man.

Steve notices that Nancy looks uncomfortable.

MR. HOLLAND (CONT'D): He already has leads. By God, he's worth every last penny.

NANCY: Is that why you're selling the house?

MARSHA: Don't worry about us, sweetie. We're fine. More than fine. For the first time in a long time, we're hopeful.

Marsha smiles. Nancy tries to smile back but finds it hard.

NANCY: Excuse me. I'll be right back.

Nancy leaves the table, leaving Steve with Marsha and Mr. Holland. The trio silently eat. Steve gives an awkward smile.

STEVE: It's finger-lickin' good.

MR. HOLLAND: Mmm.

**INT. HOLLAND HOUSE – BATHROOM – NIGHT**

Nancy stands in front of the mirror, looking down at the sink. She breaths heavily. A framed photo of Barb rests on the divider beside her. Nancy looks up at her reflection, trying to slow her breathing. She catches sight of the photo in the reflection and turns to look at it. She puts it face down. Nancy sits on the edge of the bathtub. She starts crying.

**INT. WHEELER HOUSE – BASEMENT – NIGHT**

Mike sits on the couch, tossing toys into a box labelled 'YARD SALE'. He picks up a dinosaur, pressing the button to make it roar. He puts the dinosaur on the couch beside him, picking up the Millennium Falcon replica from off the floor. He holds it in his lap. Mike looks over at the fort that used to house Eleven. He puts the Millennium Falcon replica on the couch beside him and walks over to the fort, sitting down. Mike picks up the Supercomm, extending the antenna.

MIKE: El, are you there? El?

There's no answer, only static.

MIKE (CONT'D): It's me. It's Mike. It's day 352, 7:40pm. I'm still here.

There's no answer, only static.

MIKE (CONT'D): If you're out there, say something. Or give me a sign. I won't even...I won't even say anything. Just...I wanna know if you're okay.

There's no answer, only static. Mike de-extends the antenna.

MIKE (CONT'D): I'm so stupid.

Mike puts the Supercomm down on the pillows beside him and gets up, walking towards the stairs.

DUSTIN (ON SUPERCOMM): (distorted) Mike?

Mike stops, breath catching. He quickly turns around and goes back to the fort, sitting down and picking up the Supercomm.

DUSTIN (ON SUPERCOMM): Mike?

MIKE: Hello, hello, is that you?

DUSTIN (ON SUPERCOMM): Yeah, it's me, Dustin. What're you doing on this channel again?

**EXT. HAWKINS ROAD – NIGHT**

Dustin and Lucas bike along.

DUSTIN (CONT'D): I've been trying to reach you all day. We were right. Max is Mad Max.

**INT. WHEELER HOUSE – BASEMENT – NIGHT**

MIKE: Yeah, I'm busy.

DUSTIN (ON SUPERCOMM): But-

Mike de-extends the antenna. He looks dejected, hope dashed.

**EXT. HAWKINS ROAD – NIGHT**

Dustin and Lucas bike along.

LUCAS: What do we do now?

DUSTIN: We stick to the plan.

LUCAS: Mike's not gonna like it.

DUSTIN: Last time I checked, our party is not a dictatorship. It's a democracy.

LUCAS: What if Max says no?

DUSTIN: How can Max say no to these?

Dustin purrs.

LUCAS: I told you to stop that.

DUSTIN: I'll see you tomorrow.

LUCAS: Later.

**EXT. HENDERSON HOUSE – FRONT YARD – NIGHT**

Dustin turns off the road and bikes up the driveway to his house. He parks his bike in the garage and starts to head towards the front door. A faint clanging and chirping noise coming from behind him makes him pause and turn around to look.

DUSTIN: Mews!

No response.

DUSTIN (CONT'D): Mews.

No response. Dustin turns around and walks towards his front door. As soon as Dustin closes the front door, the bin under the carport rattles violently.

**INT. BYERS HOUSE (HAWKINS) – KITCHEN – NIGHT**

Bob records Joyce on his JVC.

JOYCE: Stop. Stop!

BOB: What? Come on, you gotta get used to it. This is the future.

JOYCE: Well, put the future down and get me a clean bowl.

Bob looks around for a bowl.

**INT. BYERS HOUSE (HAWKINS) – WILL'S ROOM – NIGHT**

Will sits on his bed, drawing a picture of himself as a zombie. 'Zombie Boy' is written in the lower left corner of the page. A knock comes at the door, and he looks up to see Jonathan open the door and enter the room, holding three VHS movies.

JONATHAN: Hey, bud. I, uh...I didn't know what you'd like, so I got a variety. Take your pick.

Jonathan puts the VHS' on top of Will's dresser. Will shrugs and goes back to drawing.

WILL: Whatever you want.

JONATHAN: All right.

Jonathan sits down on the bed. He tries to get a look at Will's drawing.

JONATHAN (CONT'D): What are you working on? Zombie Boy? Who's Zombie Boy?

Will looks uncomfortable. He briefly looks up from his drawing.

WILL: Me.

JONATHAN: Did someone call you that?

Will doesn't answer.

JONATHAN (CONT'D): Hey. You can talk to me. You know that, right? Whatever happened.

Jonathan tries to get Will's attention.

JONATHAN (CONT'D): Will, come on, talk to me.

Will looks up at Jonathan.

WILL: Stop treating me like that.

JONATHAN: What? Like what?

WILL: Like everyone else. Like there's something wrong with me.

JONATHAN: What are you talking about?

WILL: Mum, Dustin, Lucas. Everyone. They all treat me like I'm gonna break. Like I'm a baby. Like I can't handle things on my own. It doesn't help. It just makes me feel like more of a freak.

JONATHAN: You're not a freak.

WILL: Yeah, I am. I am.

Will goes back to his drawing.

JONATHAN: You know what? You're right.

Jonathan moves so that he's sitting cross legged on the bed in front of Will.

JONATHAN (CONT'D): You are a freak.

Will looks up at him, confused.

WILL: What?

JONATHAN: No, I'm serious. You're a freak. But what? Do you wanna be normal? Do you wanna be just like everyone else? Being a freak is the best, all right. I'm a freak.

WILL: Is that why you don't have any friends?

JONATHAN: I...I have...

Jonathan chuckles.

JONATHAN (CONT'D): I have friends, Will.

WILL: Then why are you always hanging out with me?

JONATHAN: Because you're my best friend, all right? And I would rather be best friends with Zombie Boy than with a boring nobody. You know what I mean? Okay, look...who would you rather be friends with? Bowie or Kenny Rogers?

WILL: Ugh.

JONATHAN: Exactly. It's no contest. The thing is, nobody normal ever accomplished anything meaningful in this world. You got it?

WILL: Well...some people like Kenny Rogers.

BOB (O.S.): Kenny Rogers?

Will and Jonathan turn to see Bob in the doorway, having just come from the kitchen.

BOB (CONT'D): I love Kenny Rogers.

Bob chuckles. Will and Jonathan share a knowing look, grinning. Bob walks into the room.

BOB (CONT'D): What's so funny?

WILL: Nothing.

Bob grabs the VHS' from off the top of Will's dresser.

BOB: Mr. Mum.

Bob whoops and starts to leave the room.

BOB (CONT'D): Perfect!

Will and Jonathan share a laugh.

**INT. BYERS HOUSE (HAWKINS) – LOUNGE ROOM – NIGHT**

Will, Jonathan, Joyce, and Bob watch Mr. Mum on the TV.

JACK (ON TV): Where's Mummy keep the extra diapers?

Bob and Joyce laugh. Jonathan yawns. Will eats popcorn.

JACK (CONT'D)(ON TV): Hey! Cowards.

Bob and Joyce laugh. The phone rings suddenly, startling Joyce. She and Jonathan turn to look at it. Bob puts a hand on Joyce's arm.

BOB: Hey. It's okay. Let it go.

The phone continues to ring.

BOB (CONT'D): Probably just a crank call.

Joyce tries to calm herself down.

JOYCE: Okay.



JACK (ON TV): Holy mackerel!!

BOB: Let it go.

The phone continues to ring.

JACK (ON TV): Aw, man!

Bob laughs. The phone continues to ring.

**INT. HAWKINS LAB – GATE OBSERVATION ROOM – NIGHT**

A nerdy technician throws a handball against the wall, listening to music. Behind him, a machine starts beeping wildly. The nerdy technician doesn't notice. An alarm starts beeping, a red light flashing. The nerdy technician turns around to see pretty much every possible alarm and button on the machine lighting up and beeping.

**INT. BYERS HOUSE (HAWKINS) – HALLWAY – NIGHT**

Will walks out of his room and heads towards the bathroom, closing the door behind him.

**INT. BYERS HOUSE (HAWKINS) – BATHROOM – NIGHT**

Will finishes peeing and flushed the toilet. He turns the sink on, washing his hands. A faint rumbling can be heard in the distance, making him slowly look up. Will turns the sink off, looking towards the bathroom door, scared.

**INT. BYERS HOUSE (HAWKINS) – LOUNGE ROOM – LOOKS LIKE THE UPSIDE DOWN**

Will slowly opens the bathroom door. The rumbling intensifies. Red flashes over the wall. Will slowly starts to walk towards the front door, clearly terrified. Thunder crashes outside, paired with red flashes. When Will is about halfway to the door, it opens itself, creaking. Will stops walking. The world outside looks like the Upside Down, covered in vines. Thunder crashes and red flashes. Will looks terrified, breathing shakily. The hairs on the back of his neck stand up, goosebumps forming. Will slowly starts to walk towards the front door again. Thunder rumbles, and red lightning that crackles.

**EXT. BYERS HOUSE (HAWKINS) – FRONT YARD – LOOKS LIKE THE UPSIDE DOWN**

Will slowly exits the house, staring up at the sky. A giant thundercloud sits in the sky, red lightning flashing throughout. Will watches in terror as the lightning starts to illuminate something in the sky. The Mind Flayer.

**EXT. HAWKINS WOODS – NIGHT**

Hopper's truck drives through, headlights illuminating the area in front of him. Hopper parks and turns off his truck, getting out.

**EXT. HAWKINS WOODS – NIGHT**

Hopper walks through the woods, using a torch for guidance. The torch illuminates a trip-wire, which he steps over.

**EXT. HOPPER'S CABIN – FRONT YARD – NIGHT**

Hopper walks towards the cabin, walking up the steps and standing in front of the front door. He opens the fly screen door and knocks on the main door six times in a rhythmic pattern. The door unlocks, and he walks inside.

**INT. HOPPER'S CABIN – LOUNGE ROOM – NIGHT**

The TV plays indistinctly. Hopper closes the door behind him, hanging his jacket and hat on the coat stand. He walks further into the cabin, turning the TV off. He unbuckles his belt and gun holster as he walks towards the kitchen, putting them on the kitchen bench. He opens the fridge and pulls out a beer, taking a sip as he approaches the little dining table. A microwave meal sits at each place setting. A plate sits on another edge of the table, an Eggo half eaten.

HOPPER: Hey, what'd we talk about?

Hopper sits down.

ELEVEN (O.S.): (faint) No signal.

HOPPER: What?

ELEVEN (O.S.): (faint, but a bit louder) No signal. It's 8-1-5. You're late.

HOPPER: Yeah, I lost track of time. I'll signal next time, all right? Uh, and it's 8:15, not 8-1-5.

Eleven walks over and sits at the table, across from Hopper. Her hair is noticeably longer and curlier than when we last saw her.

ELEVEN: Eight-fifteen.

Hopper points at the half eaten Eggo.

HOPPER: Now, what did we talk about? Dinner first, then dessert. Always. That's a rule. Yeah?

Eleven nods.

ELEVEN: Yes.

The pair pull off the aluminium foil over their microwave dinners and start eating.

Cut to black.

**END EPISODE.**